

ESS
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A & T

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1988 YEARBOOK





PHOTO CONTEST



FIRST PRIZE
Robin Briscoe



Second Prize
KATHY KOVELSKI







Third Prize
WENDY GUIROLA TUCKER



HONORABLE MENTION
WENDY GUIROLA
TUCKER

HONORABLE MENTION
SUE CURTIS



HONORABLE
MENTION
WENDY GUIROLA
TUCKER















"The Winds of Fate"

One ship drives east and another drives west
with the selfsame winds that blow
Tis the set of the sails
and not the gales
which tells us the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life:
'Tis the set of a soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX





Robin Briscoe

A N I M A L



Pam Brothers



Chris Mansir



Mary Connell

T E C H



Pat Crivello



Kim Ellis



Gale Emerson



Karen Williams

OPERATING ROOM TECHNOLOGY



Beth Long



Cynthia Bolduc



Lance Maggiacomo



Sharon Allen



Michelle Carrier



Maria Cordeiro



Lisa DelPero



Mark Collyer



Coline Kelly



Kristen McNair



Ellen Duncan



Ellen Stasinos



Debra Bolt



David MacKenzie



Dennis Kelly



Patricia Dearborn



Suzanne McCarthy



Gail Nelson

LICENSED PRACTICAL NURSING



Edward Bragg



Joan Joyce



Catherine Burgess



Mary Cooney



Linda LaBonte



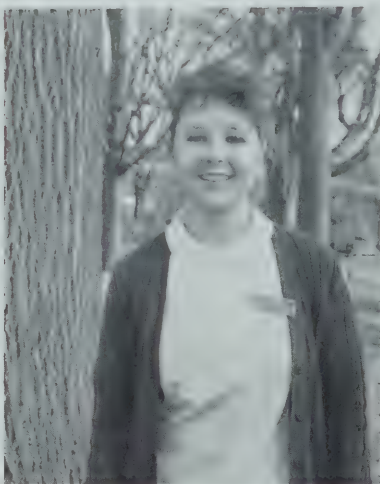
Julia Bourgeois



Susan Fitzgerald



Steven Janes



Rhonda Hinson



Sandra Landry



Kathleen Silva



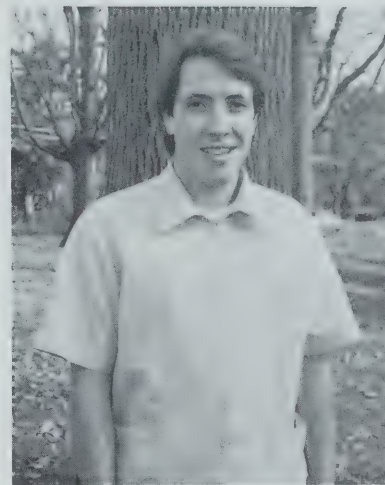
Paula Martin



Lyndal Black



Ronald Walsh



Chris Pope



Gail Deroche



Faith Ann Watt



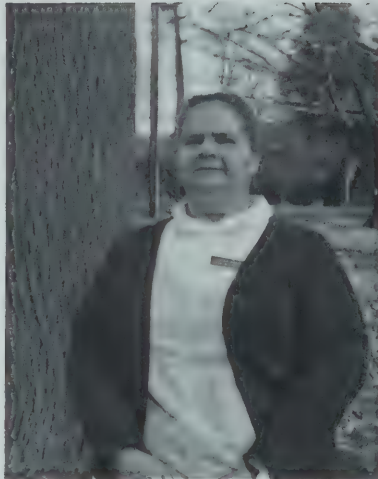
Joan Benedetti



Margaret Smalios



Toni Keller



Georgia Douglas



Pamela Williams



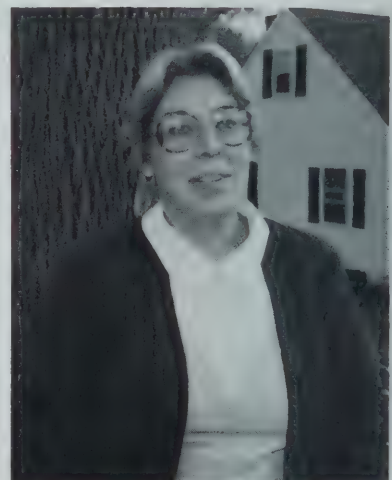
Diane Bovio



Anna Miller



Donna Moskevich



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Lynda Jean Miller



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Elaine Grubb



Alice Gallant



Dorothy Gilroy



COSMETOLOGY



Laura Boyle



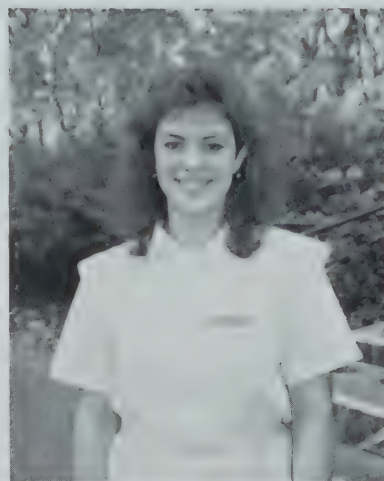
Paula Abraham



Traci Ellsworth



Stacey Shipp



Lisa Evitts



Pamela Basso



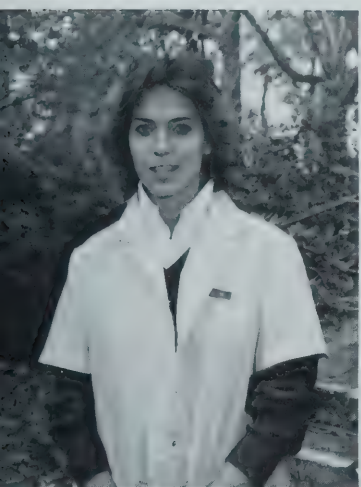
Ann Casey



Diane Emmith



Amy Crowley



Kristin Rogers



Ellen Comeau



Michelle Powers





Lauren Ryan



Denise Segner



Chris Marie Whitten



Nicole Beard



Jane Zamarchi



Lisa Tybure



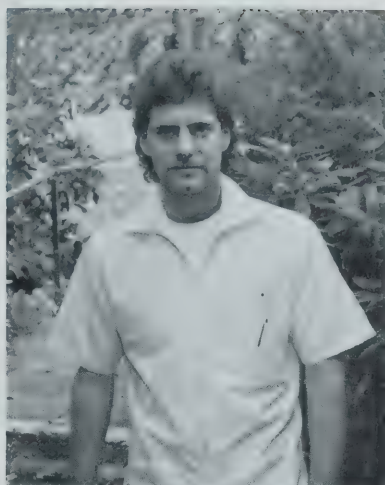
Faith Drown



Judie Donohue



Beth Lyn Borders



Carlos Galopim



Kim Glidden



Monica Gagne



Ginni O'Hara



Kathleen Barone



Pamela Bechard



Jane Hardiman



Melissa Ann Morton



Valerie Rose



Susan Aldrich



Pamela Munroe



Kristine Tobin



Janice Tenney



Deborah Leary



Mindi Ann Schena



Brenda Broughton



Sharon Fitch



Lisa Ashley



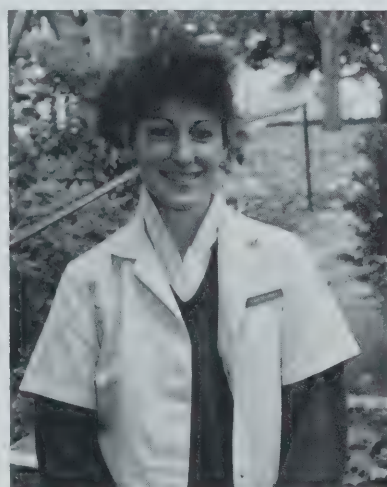
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Susan Freni



Trina Kerr



Collette Cooney



Jill Bronson



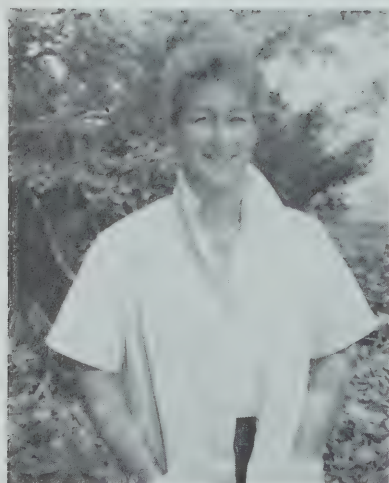
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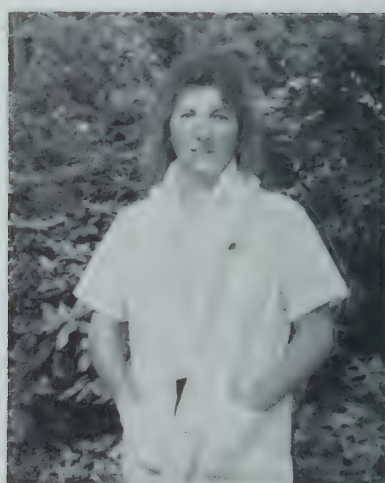
Dianne Pelletier



Kelli Ann Merchant



Donna Lessard



Mary Lou Waters



Laura LeBlanc



Dixie Russell



Meredith Watson



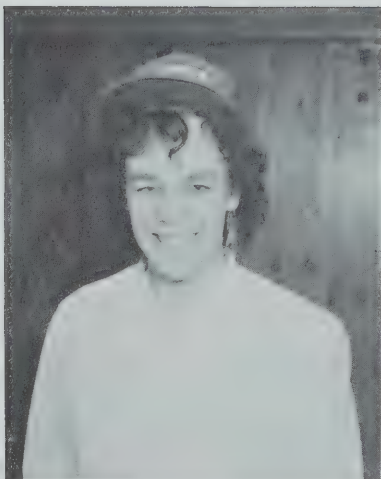
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CULINARY

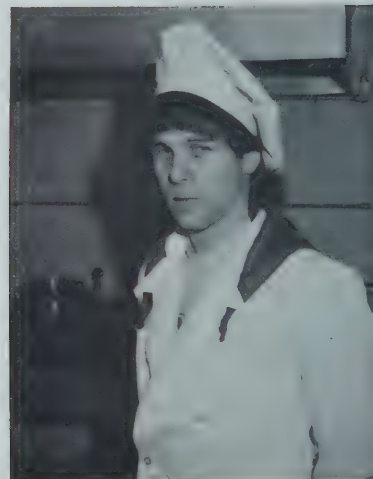
A R T S



Ray Stoey



Melissa Genthner



Mark Marciano



Rene Aubertin



Dave Taylor



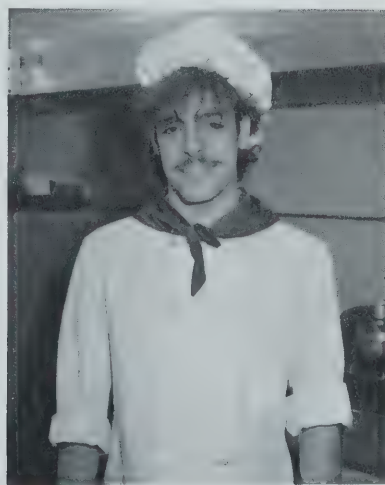
Lisa Potry



Vicki Wedgewood



Bob Moretti



Bill Puopolo



Lee Ann Kennedy



Dave Contardo



Jeff Morris



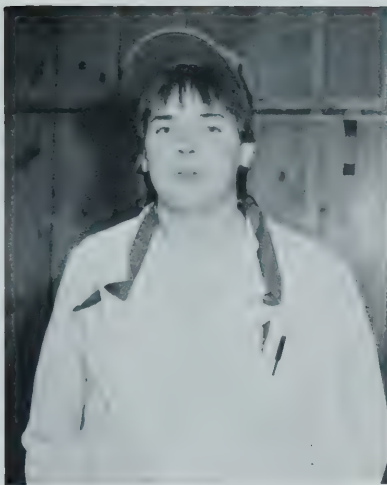
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Rich Kiley



Jim Stone



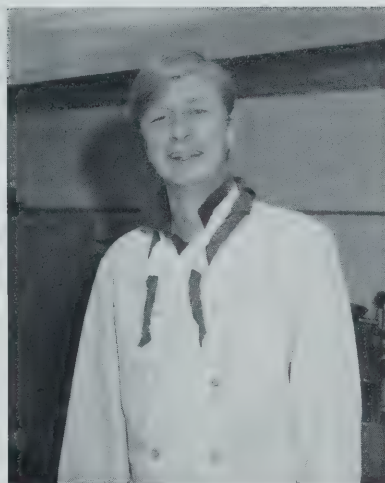
Bill Bryer



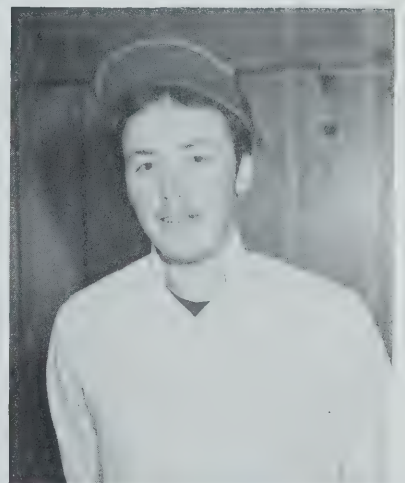
Jeff Pagliccia



John Paarz



Dave Lynch



Peter Stewart



Sean Donovan



Jean Tower



Christine Graham



Christine Noble



Miriam Bressack



Laura Panagos

URBAN FORESTRY



Paul Onessimo



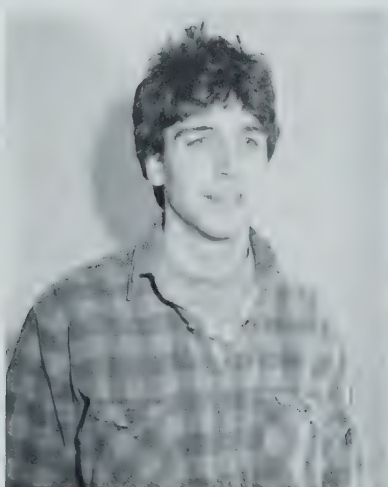
Joe Orlando



Chris Peck



John Burton



Andy Mullen



Tom Benoit

Fashion Merchandising



Patricia Armstrong



Alison Black



Merri Brown



Deborah Crosby



Elisa Curcuro



Cynthia Elwell



Ruth Fiore



Jami Foster



Wendy Guirola-Tucker



Amy Kieran



Gina Longo



Kathleen O'Leary



Christine Rimas



Mary Testaverde

FOOD SCIENCE & NUTRITION



Melissa Denis



Cathy Rabuska



Lisa Hurn



Sue Feole



Ann Koen



Cheryl Carfagno



Deb Feltovic



Susan Dilley



Tammy Vaughan

HORTICULTURE



Glenn Wilczek



Tom Platt



Scott Bertini



Rich Adams



Maura Corcoran



Mary Ross



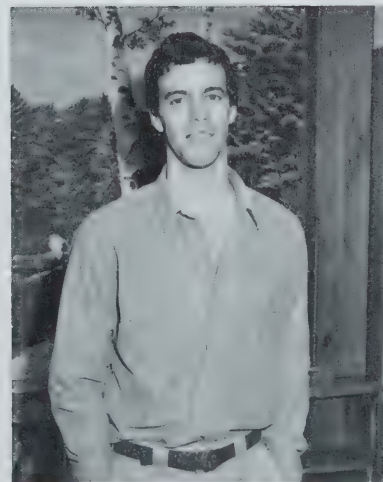
Marsha Bierman



Chris Ekstrom



Dawn Cavallaro



Jeff Magee



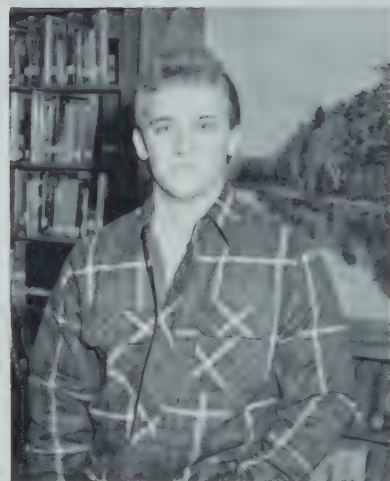
Scott Gatchell



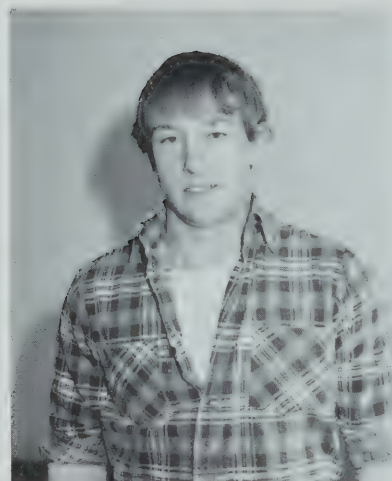
Judy Fay



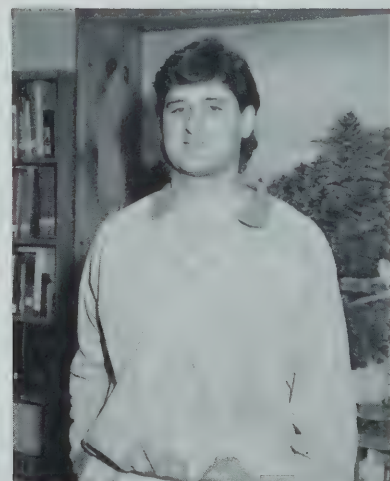
Sears Rocha



Jim Nimmo



Ed Goss



Mike Parrella



Rick Burton



Bob Santo



Jane Angstrom



Derby Weston



Jim Regan



Ken Ring

KENNEL MANAGEMENT



Cheri Fairfield



Peter Wood



Denise Tremblay



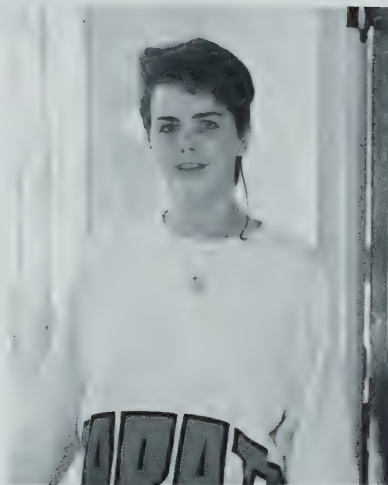
Deana Case



Nancy Broughton



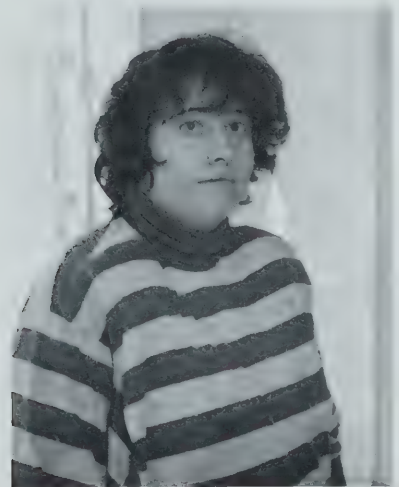
Donna Greco



Noreen Laviolette



Beth Piekarski



Debbie Johnson



Chris Cummings



Brenda Weisenee



Maura Doyle



Lisa Levis



Margarita Garcia



Michelle Conley



Renee Auterio



Mary Stephenson

FLORICULTURE



Dawn Costello



Gaynell Hill



Rene McIntyre



Doug Morrow



Pattie Henley



Chris Strangie



Mark Selfridge





IN MEMORY OF
RAYMOND F.
POTTER
1930-1988

DIRECTOR OF THE
INSTITUTE 1974-1988



ADMINISTRATION & FACULTY



Gustave Olson
Dean & Acting Director



Lucien Archambault
Director of Admissions



Dr. Marjorie Hensley
Educational Manager



Bette Jensen
Assistant to the Dean



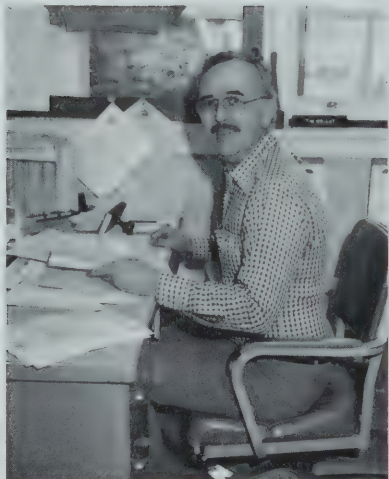
Ernest Vieira
Food Service & Hospitality, Chairman



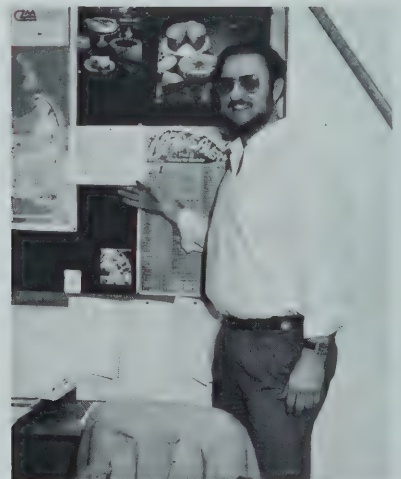
Ginny Anderson
Fashion Merchandising



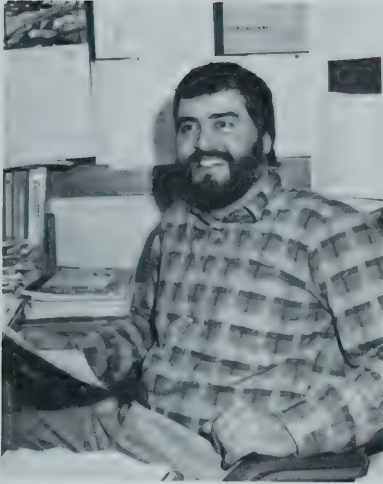
Buck Williams
Environmental Tech, Chairman



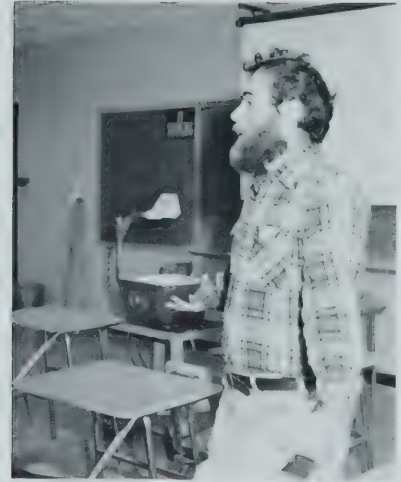
Tim Wright
Student Services



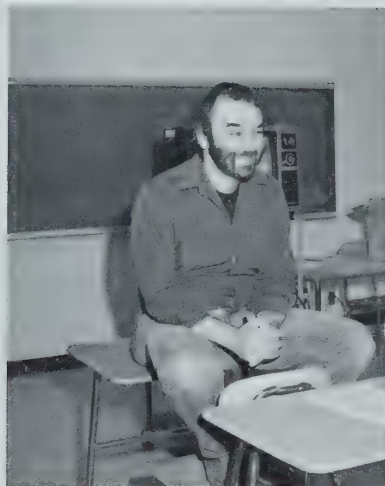
Steve St. Pierre
English



Greg Repucci
Food Science & Technology



Peter Young
Environmental Tech



Dick Adelman
Economics



Pat Kelly
Food Service & Hospitality



Beverley Hardacre
Small Animal Science, Chairperson



Margaret Sullivan
Cosmetology



Ann Carpenter
Cosmetology



Mary Milne, R.N., Judy Riggs R.N., Ann Sheehan R.N., Chairperson Allied Health, Donna Lampman R.N. and Linda Higgins R.N.



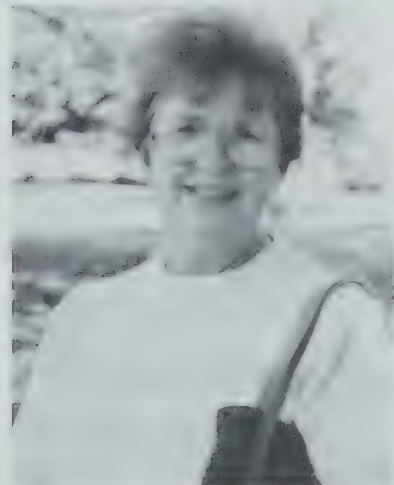
Janice Furlong
Cosmetology



Edwina Bogosian
Cosmetology



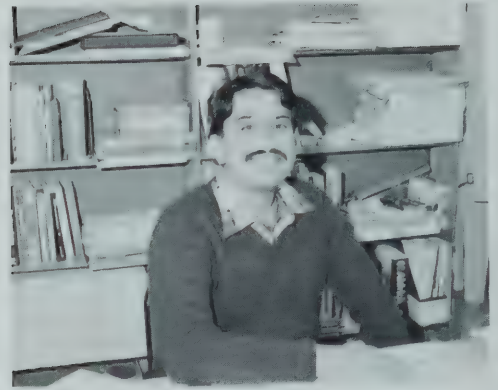
Doris Jacques R.N.
Operating Room Technology



Ginny O'Connor
Computer Science



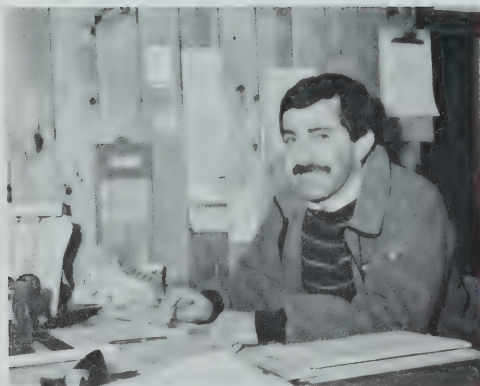
Rich Cunney
Math & Accounting



Amul Purohit
Floiculture



Craig Gray
English



Dick Gaiero
Agricultural Engineering



Pat Maroney
Environmental Technology



Dick Doherty (l)
Gen. Ed. & Business, Chairman
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Marcia Swinson
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Lorraine Montgomery
Dietetic Technology



Linda Jackson
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Jim Cristello
Food Service & Hospitality



Cherrie Berry
Food Service & Hospitality



Paul Harder
Turf Management



Richard Gilman
Food Service & Hospitality



Andrea Clark
Skills Development Center



Jacqueline Nuccio
Fashion Merchandising



Ben



Betty

Yearbook Staff



Wendy Guirola-Tucker
Pam Brothers
Richard Cunney (Adviser)
Robin Briscoe

Student Senate



Wendy Guirola-Tucker — Treasurer
Dawn Cavallaro — Secretary
Robin Briscoe — Vice President
Pam Brothers — President



1988 Student Senate Scholarship Recipients



Cosmetology Awards

1st Prize Winners
presented by
Dean Olson
Mindi Schena
and
Jane Hardiman



CANDIDS, WRITINGS AND QUOTES



. . . As time goes by and we all become consumed in our daily lives, it is sometimes difficult to keep in touch with our close friends . . . In a strong relationship both parties usually make an explicit effort to keep anything from impeding the lines of communication. At times life becomes very involved one person or the other is able to take time and send out a card or make a telephone call. Contact between the individuals was made purely out of sincere need to hear from a friend.

M.S.





... To me being successful in life is just being happy with yourself and having a good family and caring friends.

A.K.



I would like to share with you, what I feel was a very exciting experience. Last weekend I went away with nine of my very good friends. We had rented a chalet for January 15, 16, 17, and 18. It was a beautiful Swiss Chalet. It had five bedrooms, a fireplace, dining room and in two of the bedrooms there were balconies that had sliding glass doors to them. It was simply breathtaking. It looked like one of those pictures that they put in *Better Homes and Gardens*.

We arrived at the chalet at 9:17 p.m. Thursday night. We unpacked and then started the fire crackling. It felt so good just to be able to pick up and get away from the every day hustle and bustle. All of us girls decided to call it an early night, because we were going to go skiing Friday. Now mind you, I have never been on skis before. Well, we all got up and packed our gear then off to the mountain we went. It was about 10:00 a.m. when we finally got there. When I ever looked up at that mountain my knees went as limp as vegetables that have been left sitting out too long.

We rented our ski equipment and bought our lift tickets then off to the chair lift we went. Oh, it was just my luck to break my pole trying to get on the chairlift. Now, I'm at the top of this huge marshmallowy monster, I've never skied before, and I have no poles, which at that point in time were my only security. I could've cried.

Well I didn't cry, but I got so fed up that I took my skis off half way down the mountain and walked to the lodge from there. A few of the girls convinced me to try again so I did. I even made it all the way down this time. I met two very nice ski instructors who helped me out quite a bit. Ed, he was one of them, went down the trail backwards in front of me and helped me with my turns and taught me how to snowplow. The rest of the day I did great. That night I vowed that I would never go again because my whole body felt like it was put through a wringer. First thing, the next morning I was back out on the slopes again. I just couldn't stay away. It's addicting, I love it, and the best part is still yet to come. You see Scott skis all the time, and Valentines day weekend he has asked me if I would go skiing with him. Wish me luck . . .

Well, Sunday came all too soon, and it was time to pack up and come home, We finished loading the car and as we pulled out of the driveway, I thought to myself — It may be over for now and all I have are memories, but I'll be back. You can make bets on that.

M.F.

Me and My Illness

There are many things in the world that people are concerned about. One of the greatest things is health. People treasure their health, just like they treasure cars.

I for one do not have my health. I have a lung illness called Cystic Fibrosis. It is a disease which corrupts the lungs and will eventually put an end to the persons life. Cystic Fibrosis is like having a bad car.

Like a car needs to be put in the shop for repairs so do we. People with this illness have to have frequent hospital visits. These visits are two to three weeks at a time. When you go in you are hooked up to intravenous lines around the clock. We also have therapy three to four times a day. Medication is also given.

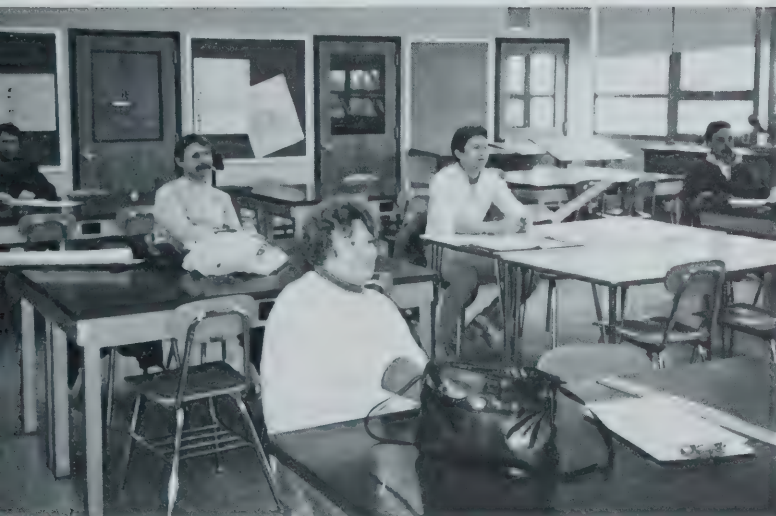
With this illness you have to depend on family and friends a lot. My health is the most important thing in my life. Many times other things have to take a back seat. Like some people live for the day they won't have to worry about their car starting. I live for the day I won't have to cough, which we all know neither one will ever happen.

Cars get sick well so do I. When you have to get a car fixed, you just don't call up and get an appointment and get it for that day. It takes a lot of preparation to fit your schedule. Well the same thing happens when I get a cold. I just can't take an aspirin and feel all better. It takes a lot of hard work to try to get rid of a cold. Most of the time you can't do it without going to the shop for help. I "treasure" the days I am healthy and running well. I also envy those people who have their health. For *Health* is truly the greatest gift of all.

J.B.







I was afraid that coming to Essex Aggie was going to be a mistake, because all of my close friends were going away to school. I realize now after visiting one of my friends at SMU, that Essex Aggie is the right place for me. I went to visit my friend Carla for the weekend. The whole way I was thinking how much fun dorm life must be. When I got there I was surprised to find that partying was the main idea on everyone's mind. I'm not saying that I don't love to party. I was having a great time meeting all sorts of strange people, but I could only take so much partying. Carla had said that she already blew off one of her classes and that she was wasted Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. That would wipe me out for a week. The strange part is that most of them made it to class by eight o'clock Monday morning hangover or not. There is nothing wrong with the school itself; it was the attitude of the students and the whole atmosphere.

I thought that what had gone on up to now was bad, (and I didn't even mention the X-rated parts). When I woke up the next morning on Carla's hard floor and saw the condition of the suite, I couldn't believe that this is what was meant by "college life". For starters I couldn't even find Carla, and come to find out later she had slept in the next dorm over. Her dorm had only small windows, and they appeared so dull and dingy. I couldn't take a shower. The bathroom floor was wet and sticky. The sinks were disgusting because people had puked in them. I got up the nerve to walk into the front foyer. There were beer cans everywhere and all sorts of things mashed into the rug. A few people passed out here and there. I'm sure this trip wasn't as bad as I made it sound but I haven't seen a normal day at SMU yet, and I'm not going back to find out. It was a nice visit but I wouldn't want to spend my college days there. I'm content right here at Essex Aggie and sleeping in my own bed in a clean room. Essex Aggie was no mistake.

... This is what I like about Essex Aggie. It is a smaller school and you get a lot more attention than you would at a larger school, where you are considered a number instead of a person ...

J.F.

There are two schools on this area that some people think are as different as night and day. The two schools are Essex Aggie and Harvard.

When you really think of the two schools and sit down and compare them are they really that different? Both of these schools have beautiful surroundings, unique people, and prepare you for a certain career. Each of these schools has a well known reputation for preparing people in certain fields. Whether they prepare you for a career in business or for a career in farming, they both help the student find a job that they want when they graduate. After looking at both of these schools, you may start to wonder if the only difference is the tuition and the fact that they have ivy while we have corn.

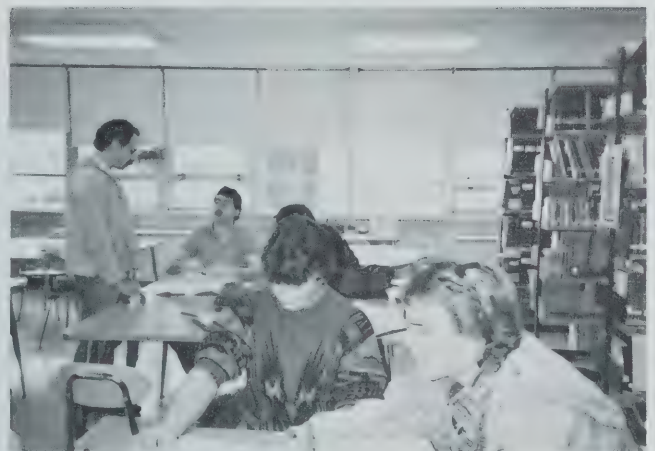
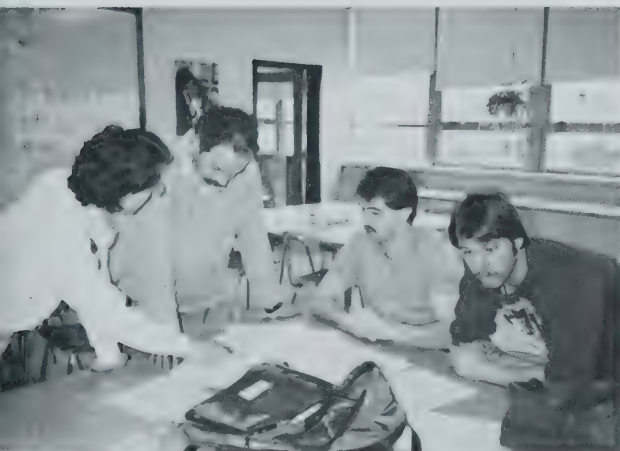
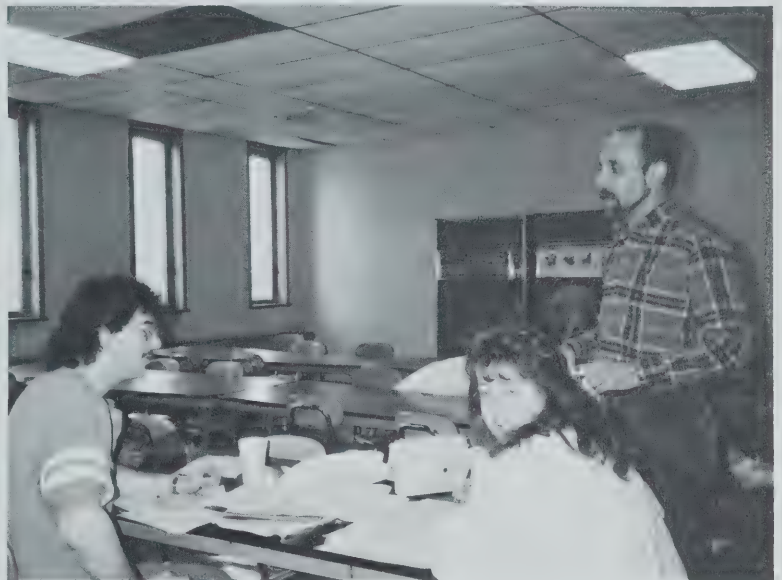
A.K.



... It is very important to me that I make my family and boyfriend proud of me, by making the Dean's List. I also want to do it for myself so that I can feel good about me. Getting a good education is very important if you want to make something of your future ...

M.T.





Literary Story

Last night . . .

You wanted to stay in again. You left me with no one to talk to and no one to be with. In your dreams I doubt you were with me, for you would only have to open your eyes — no dream necessary!

Your dreams must be of someone or somewhere else. I'll never know. As you are sleeping madly I think "what good is this?". The second time, is it worth it? I made a dish fall to try to awaken you. But it was to no avail.

I sat awake and alone very upset, for a long time. It's no my fault I could do nothing to make it go away, Ignore it like you ignore me. I am not capable of forgetting memories, nor masking shy feelings, make believe is not my best game.

If you think time away will help you're wrong! I am getting worse and won't be able to go on like this — Alone is the reason not the cure. I can't get you to want to be awake with me. I struck you in an attempt to get you to feel some of the pain I feel. I could not hurt you. I didn't think that going away from you hurt, but that's not where I wanted to be.

Now you are away and for how long. I don't know. I am sure that this is not resolved. I do not know what to believe.

I needed to have attention and affection. My attempts were denied — rejected!

Tears and such pain have been absent for some time. I almost forgot how it feels. Now I am reminded more strongly than ever.

It hurts . . . more than before I know.

I don't have an answer . . . I wasn't asked anything!

D.C.



The Scar

"It can't be true" Johnathan screamed from his bedroom. "Is this for real", he thought, it's only a dream, "no it's not", as he continued to talk to himself. "I'm awake and I've been this way for the past forty-eight hours", he stated. Johnathan found himself wanting to talk to someone other than himself. Then he proceeded down stairs, on his way down he was trying to think of what to say. He decided to let someone else start first. Everyone seemed to carry the same stupid smile on their faces. As he approached the refrigerator to get a drink, Aunt Hellen grabbed him and gave him a big hug. "Look how big your getting and so handsome too", she said making sure everyone in the kitchen heard. I seemed to be making the rounds with the relatives, Jonathan thought to himself. But it was unconsciously done. He did not remember anything that was said in those three hours of reminiscing. Except for on statement that seemed to be repeated a number of times. "Be strong for your parents". He had a look on his face, as to say he had enough. So he went back to his room. Whose going to be strong for Johnathan, he wondered.

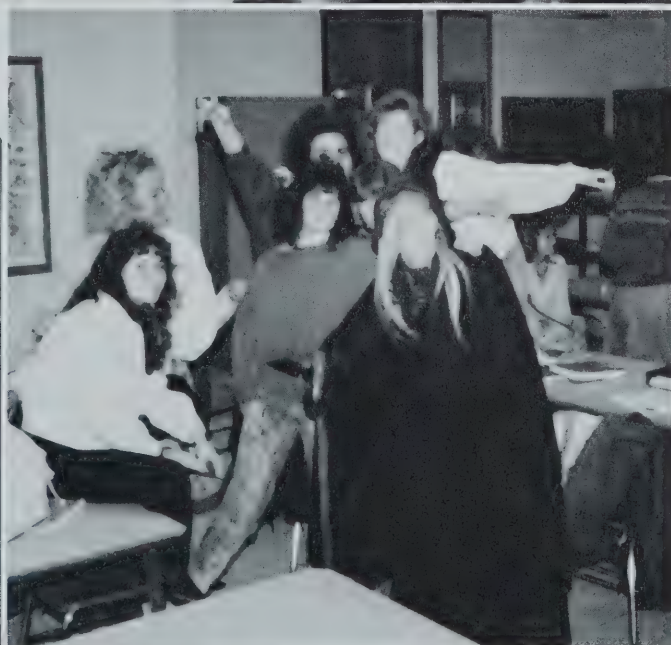
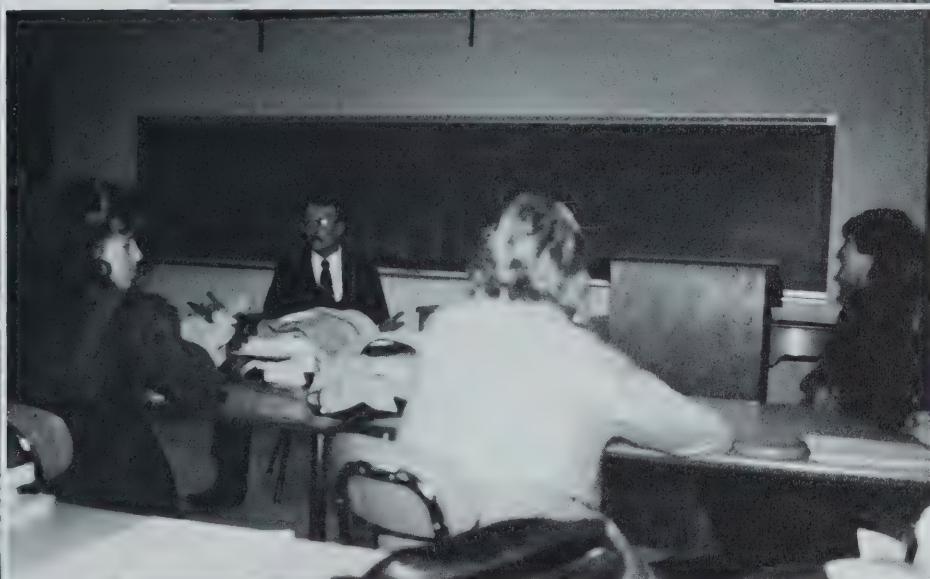
He tried to lay his head down, close his eyes and stop his brain. "No No No, Why? Why?" Johnathan's mind was working by itself. He sat upright on his bed and stared at the scar on his finger, remembering how deep it was when it happened. But it did heal after sometime and now all that's left is a scar. Good night Sis.

J.F.



Fashion Merchandising's visit to Destefano Studio





“Unsure Love”

The topic that I have chosen to write about is love. From experience I feel that love is not all it's cracked up to be. I'm one of those hopeless romantics that has one of those animated dreams about a dashing knight in glittering amour whisking me away to an island of paradise.

In coming back to reality I know that this will never happen. Loving someone is not easy. They say that love is blind. I've heard it said that if you really love someone you should not expect anything in return. One should show altruism, in that love is giving and not expecting to receive. Yet, I think love is more like a mirror with one hoping that the image that is reflected is like the one that is given. Though love is not a possession, but a gift.

One element that I am really unsure of is that of knowing. Does one really know when one is truly in love? Can one realize that they loved someone or something after that person or thing is gone. They say that absence makes the heart grow fonder. Another question is can a person love a thousand times or only truly once or twice? Well one thing I'm sure of is that when a person cares for another and is unsure that that person feels the same way, it stinks!

K.O.



Emotions on the Beach

Sometimes when I have nothing to do
and I'm feeling a bit sentimental
I like to take a ride to the beach.
I love to just sit on the sand and watch the waves crash.
It sounds like big claps of thunder on a stormy night.
The waves fascinate me by the way that they look
as if they're dancing on the sea.

I sit and wonder what will become of my life
Will I ever get married?
Will I ever have a successful career?
Will I never get married and have to face life all alone?
Sometimes I feel that I can do anything!

I then look at the time and realize I have to go.
My whole thoughts and emotions vanish . . .
Until I take another ride to the ocean.

Human Robots

To lead a simple life would be
Wonderful! Yet could it be
For in todays society
Time management seems to be the key

Instead of gentle easing and flowing
It seems we're always going and going
Not once do we stop to smell that rose
that smells so sweet beneath our nose

It seems that we haven't realized
We've all become so mechanized
Rise at six and home by eight
Be on time, you must never be late

Forty hours of toil and pain
Like forty days and nights of rain
And so we work and twist and bend
to see that rainbow at the end

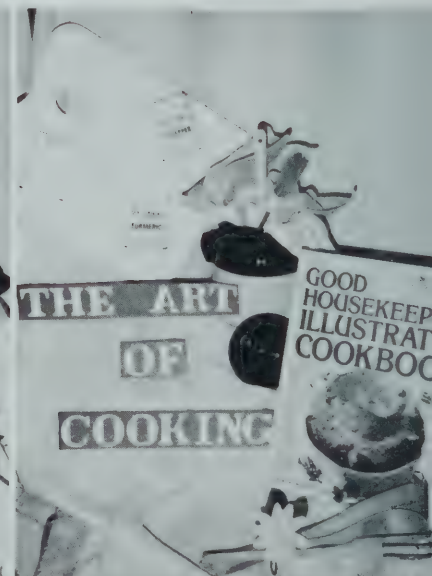
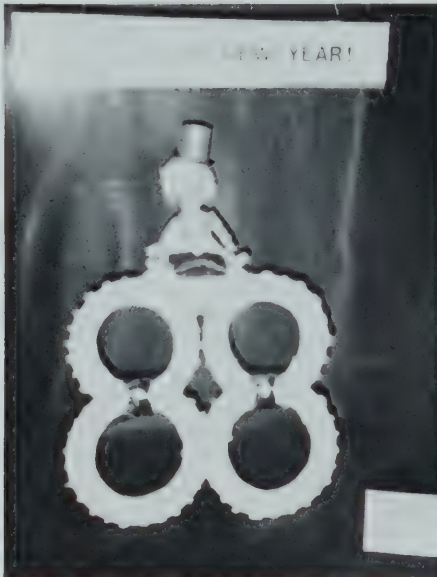
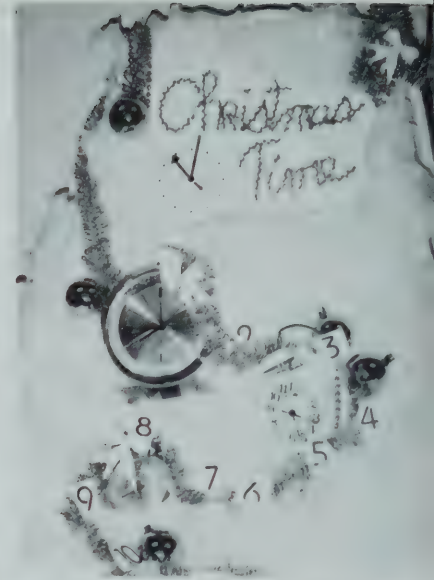
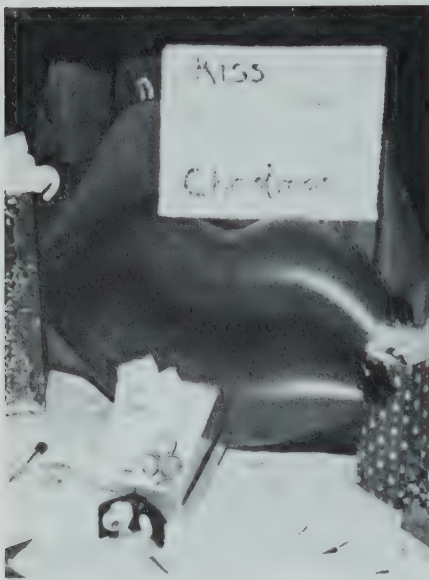
For it is rain that makes the flowers grow
And for our pain we hope to show
some sign of life and happiness
Of love and caring, and sweet caress

For feelings we humans do possess
To reason to ponder, to even make a guess
at what we want our life to bring
to stop and hear the sweet birds sing

Life is real and so are we
One day I hope that we will see
That just like it was and always will be
The best things in life are really free

To lead a simple life would be
Wonderful! Yet could it be
For in todays society
Money seems to be the key

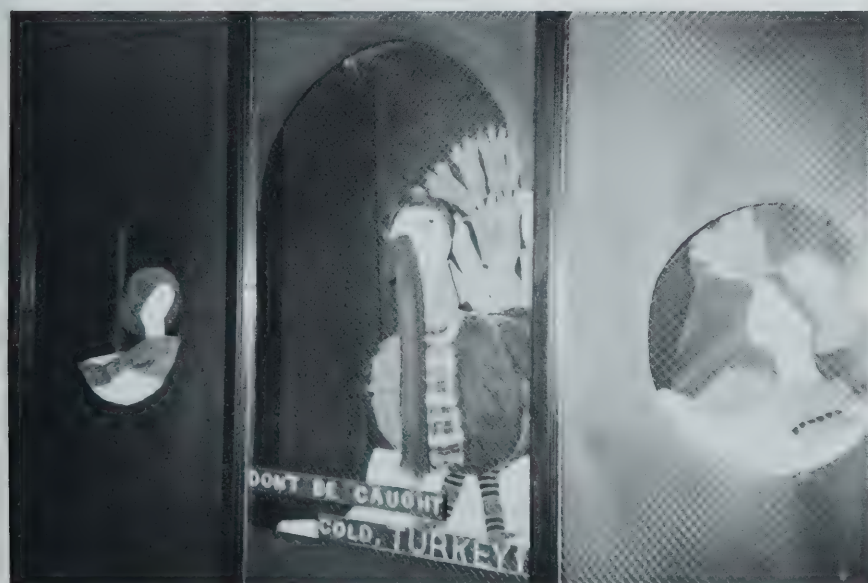
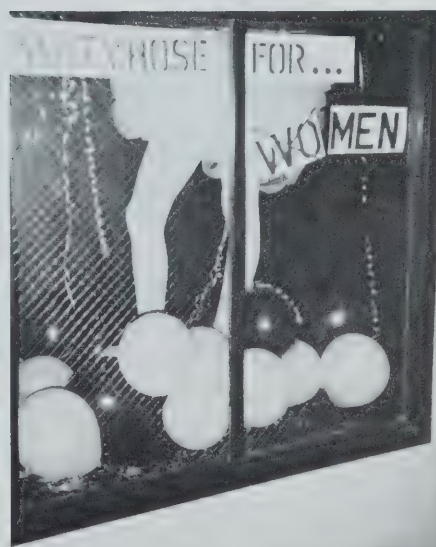
K.O.

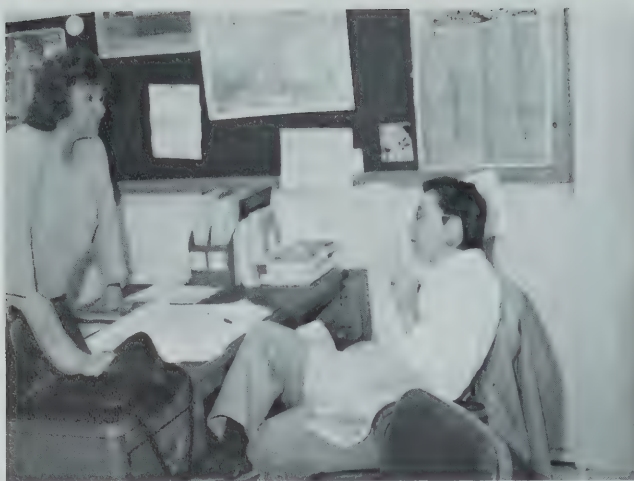




... It was the first time I ever had to work at a clothing store around the Christmas Season. The store was so busy that I never had a free moment to myself. Even on Christmas eve the store was full of last minute shoppers. Most of them were men! They didn't care what they bought, what size or what it looked like, as long as they had something to wrap up for their wives or girlfriends ...

E.C.





. . . Louisa is admirable because she knows what she wants out of life. She feels that being alone and happy is better than living with someone and being unhappy.

G.L.



DYING EMBERS

Vicky is a girl I met at work. She could lighten my darkest mood by simply entering the room. A quick glance my way or a flash of her smile would instantly crash down any walls that barred my way to happiness.

We became good friends and finally agreed to see each other. Then she quit work and I didn't see her again. My mood is gloomy, but there is no one to break its convoluting walls. I hide in my work, but at night the gloom returns. Several times I called her but got no answer. Each time the walls grew higher and higher shutting out light like a storm cloud passing by the winter moon. Now I am a prisoner of my own fears, afraid to try again and risk losing that last glowing ember that only lights my memories of her smile.

G.K.

BUILDING BLOCKS of WISDOM

How joyful is the man who finds wisdom and the person who gains understanding, for it is better than the profit of silver and its' gain in gold. The wisdom of which I speak is not only of the head, but of the heart. We must comfort the poor and sick, the hungry and the lonely, for it is pride and self indulgence that goes before destruction. It is wisdom of reasonable, full of mercy and unwavering in love without hypocrisy that goes before joy and true prosperity.

The wicked boast of their hearts desires. Their ways may prosper at all times, but be not fooled, for their ways divorce them from ever finding true happiness. They speak out arrogant words of vanity that entice desires of self gratification, saying "This is true freedom" while they themselves are slaves to corruption.

We are no longer children, tossed here and there by waves and carried about by every wind of teaching, by the trickery of men, by the craftiness in deceitful scheming. By speaking the truth in love, we grow in all aspects.

J.B.









ADVENTURE IS THE MEETING
OF DREAMS AND REALITY!



STUDENT SENATE SPRING DANCE

















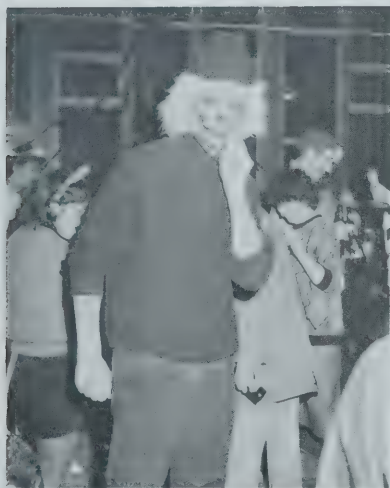




HALLOWEEN 1987













CULINARY ART CHRISTMAS PARTY
NAHANT COUNTRY CLUB
December 9, 1987











As we leave Essex A & T and travel the adventure of life Remember . . .

It's always within you even when your down
hiding like a treasure waiting to be found.
Why wait for tomorrow to start this salient search,
procrastinating "happiness" may leave you in the lurch!
NOW is your moment to live, to love, to shine,
to exude your HAPPINESS.
It's within you all the time.

W.G. — T.

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